

DEATH OF WOLVERINE®

LIFE AFTER LOGAN



MARVEL

LOVENESS
DEL PENNINO
FIALKOV
COELLO
OGLE
SCHERBERGER

001

DEATH OF WOLVERINE

“YOU”

JEFF LOVENESS
WRITER

MARIO DEL PENNINO
ARTIST

DAVID CURIEL
COLORIST

“IN HIS HONOR”

JOSHUA HALE FIALKOV
WRITER

IBAN COELLO
ARTIST

JIM CHARALAMPIDIS
COLORIST

“A LITTLE PIECE OF YOU”

REX OGLE
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VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA LETTERER
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MIKE MARTS GROUP EDITOR
AXEL ALONSO EDITOR IN CHIEF
JOE QUESADA CHIEF CREATIVE OFFICER
DAN BUCKLEY PUBLISHER
ALAN FINE EXECUTIVE PRODUCER

WEAPON X FACILITY.
CANADA.

I'VE DATED
TWO PSYCHICS.

CYCLOPS IN: YOU

WRITER: JEFF LOVENESS
ARTIST: MARIO DEL PENNINO
COLORIST: DAVID CURIEL
LETTERER: VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA

MY FATHER IS
AN EMOTIONALLY
DISTANT SPACE
PIRATE.

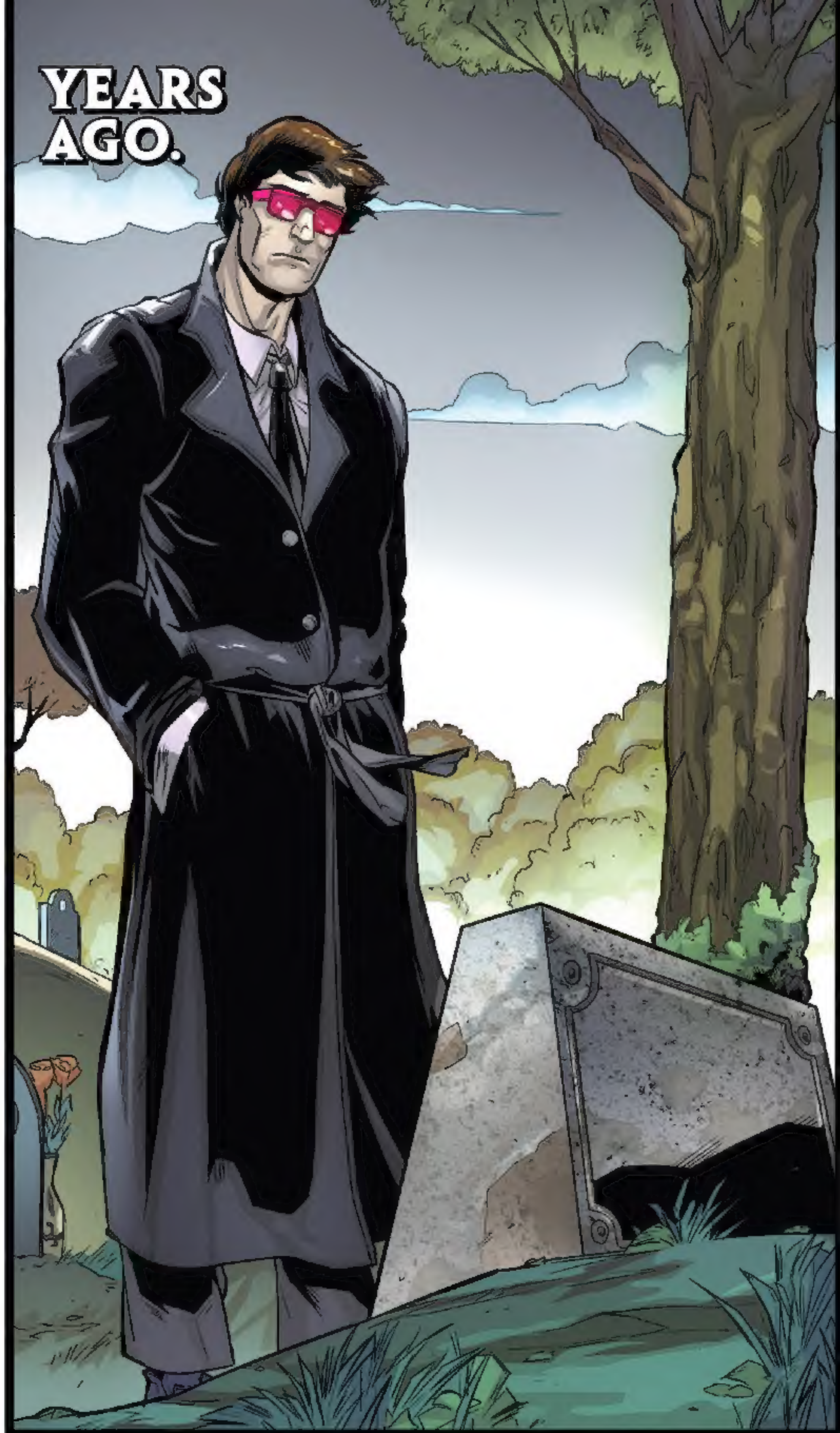
MY TIME-TRAVELING SON
FROM THE FUTURE IS *OLDER*
THAN ME. MY YOUNGER
SELF *HATES* ME...

AND YET
STILL...

...SOMEHOW...

...*YOU* WERE THE
MOST COMPLICATED
RELATIONSHIP
IN MY LIFE.







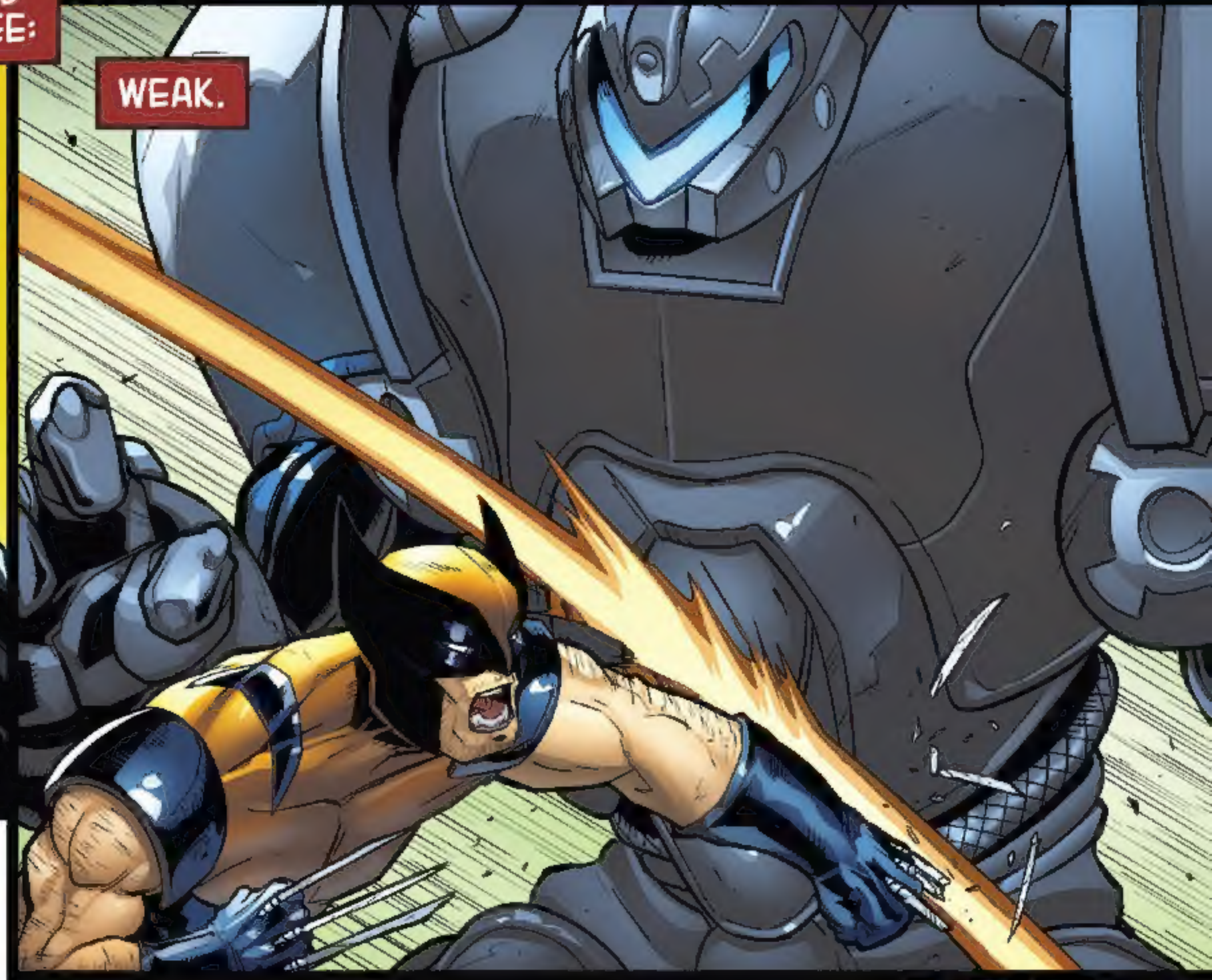
BUT AFTER
MAGNETO...

...THE
ADAMANTIUM...

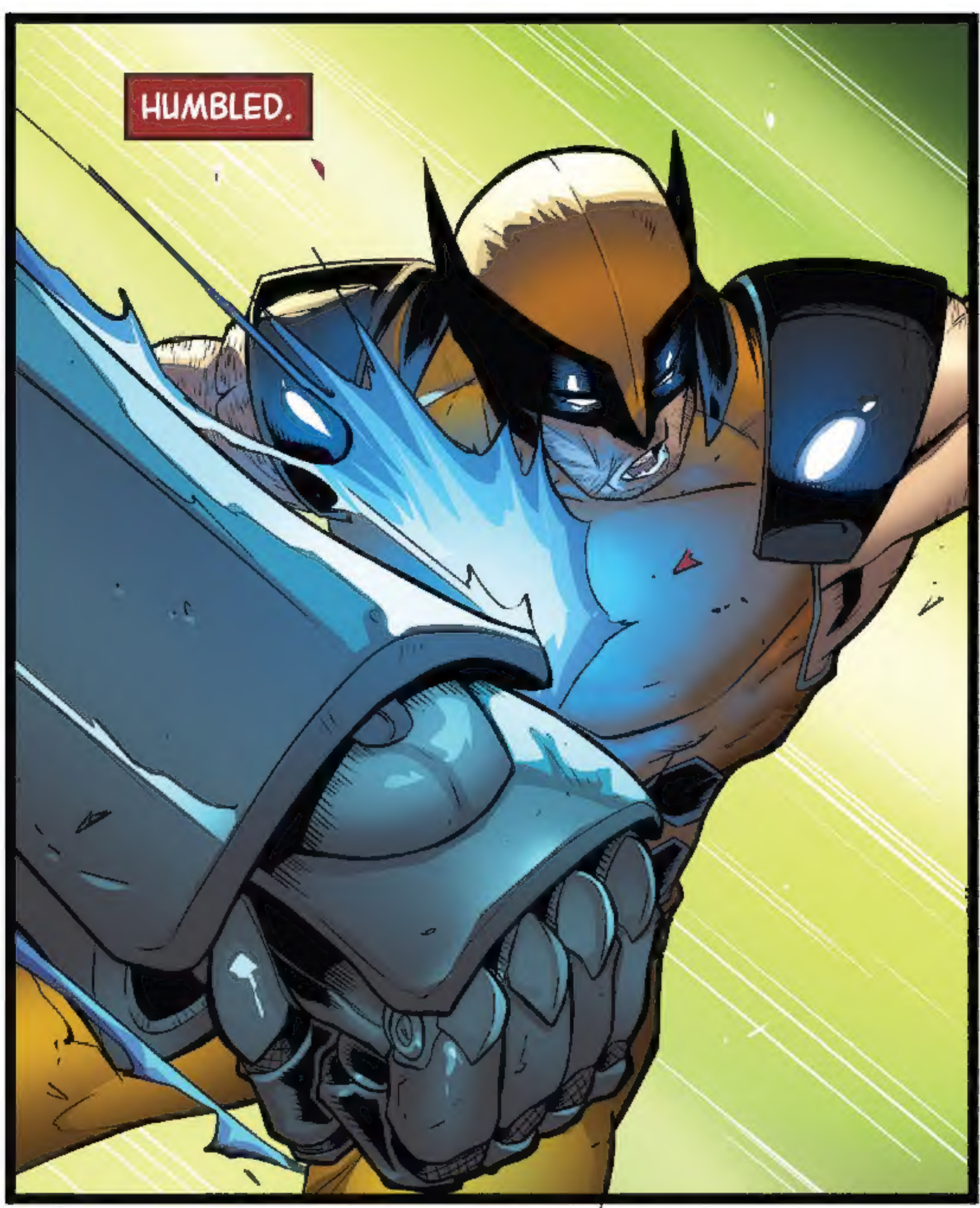
...I SAW
ANOTHER SIDE
TO YOU.



A SIDE YOU
NEVER WANTED
ANYONE TO SEE:



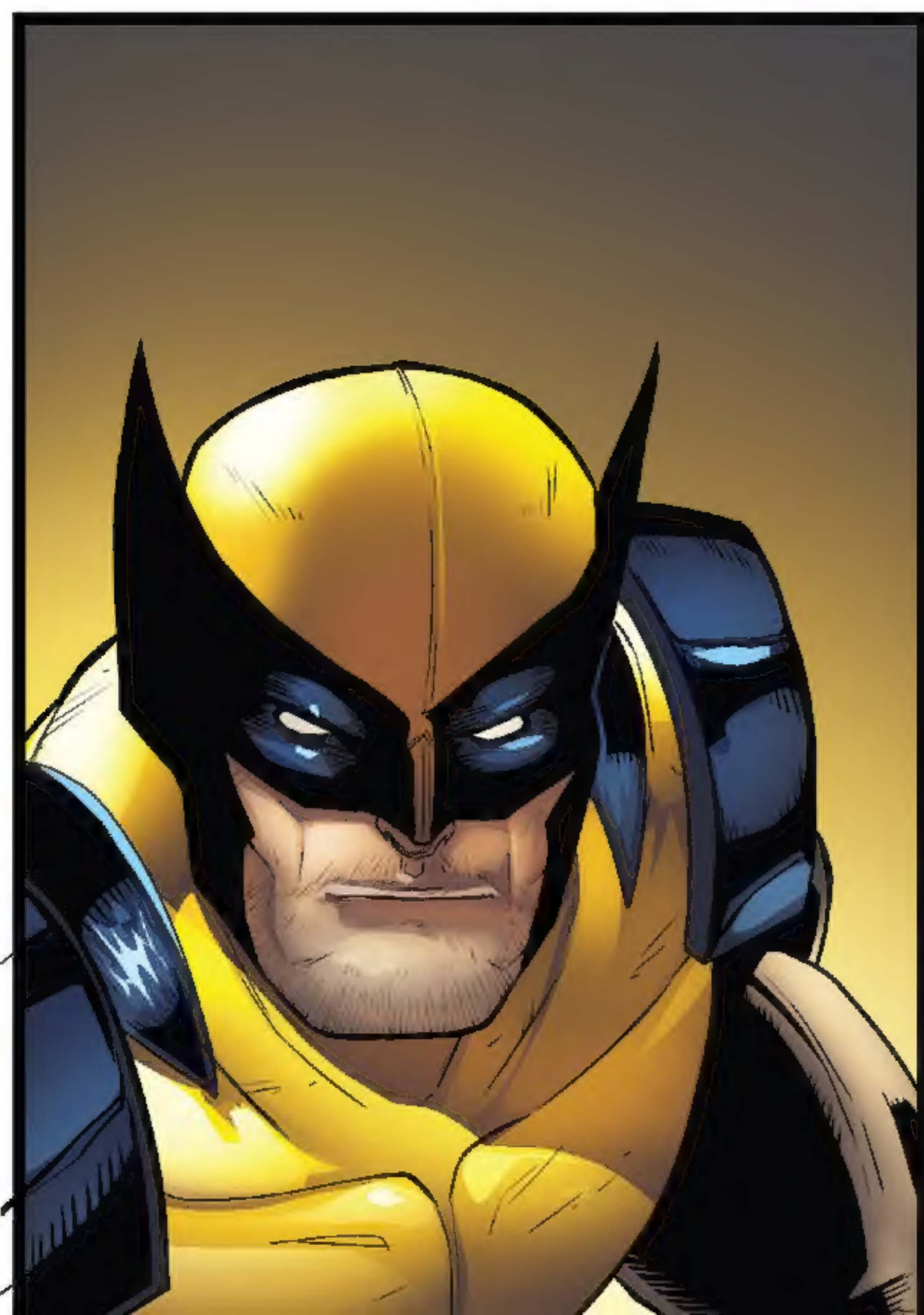
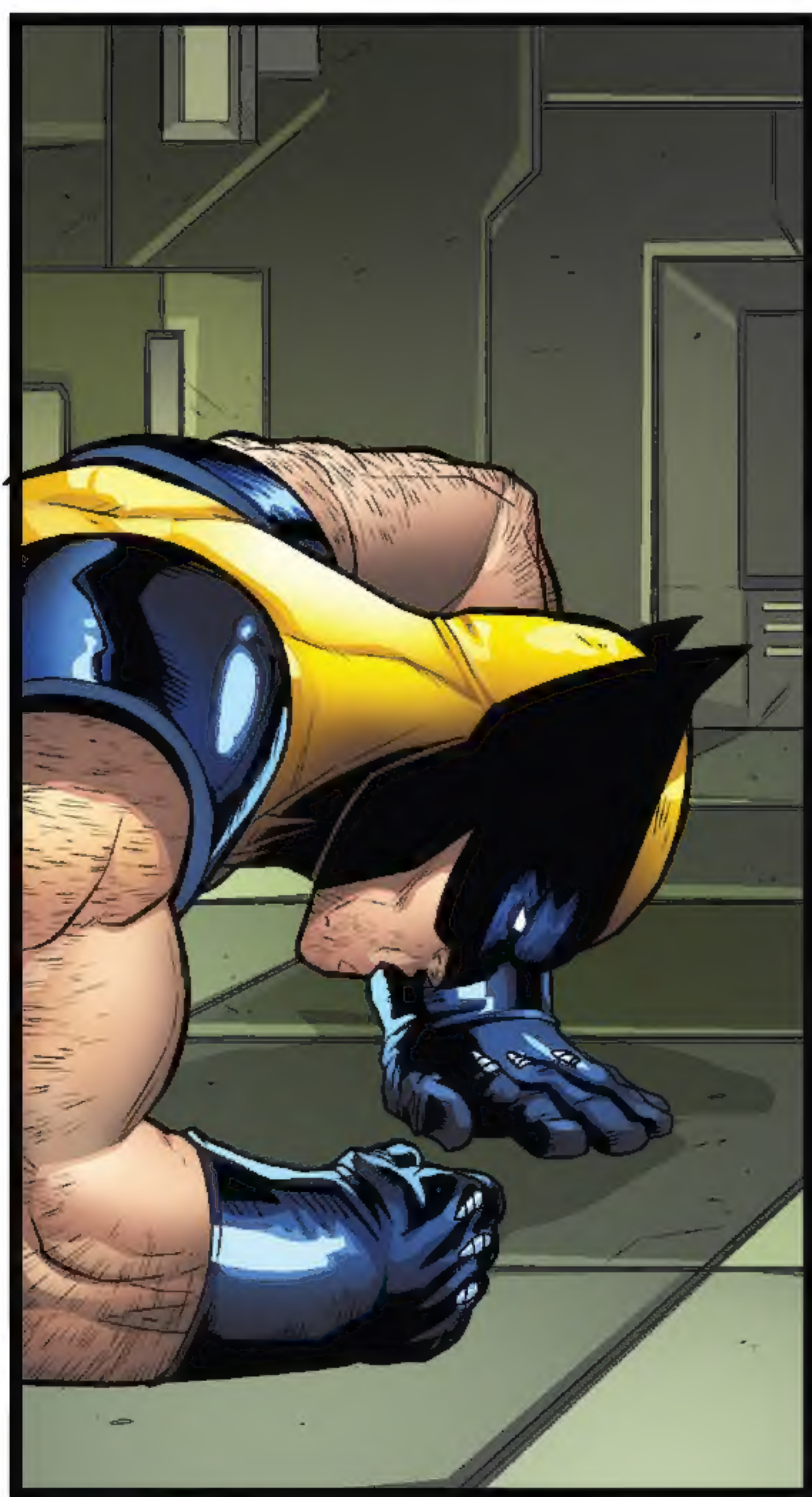
WEAK.



HUMBLED.



NO LONGER
THE BEST AT
WHAT YOU DID.





WE WERE
THERE...FOR
ALL OF IT.

WE LOST
FRIENDS.
BURIED
SONS.

BUT WE
NEVER
STOPPED...

...UNTIL
I BROKE
THINGS.



I BROKE
HER TRUST.

I BROKE
OUR TEAM.

I BROKE
HIS FAITH...

I'VE BROKEN
EVERYTHING.



...BUT WE
DON'T GET
TO QUIT.



I CAN'T ABSOLVE MY SINS, BUT I CAN MAKE THE WORLD BETTER TODAY.

OUR PEOPLE NEED ME, AND I'M GOING TO FIGHT FOR THEM.

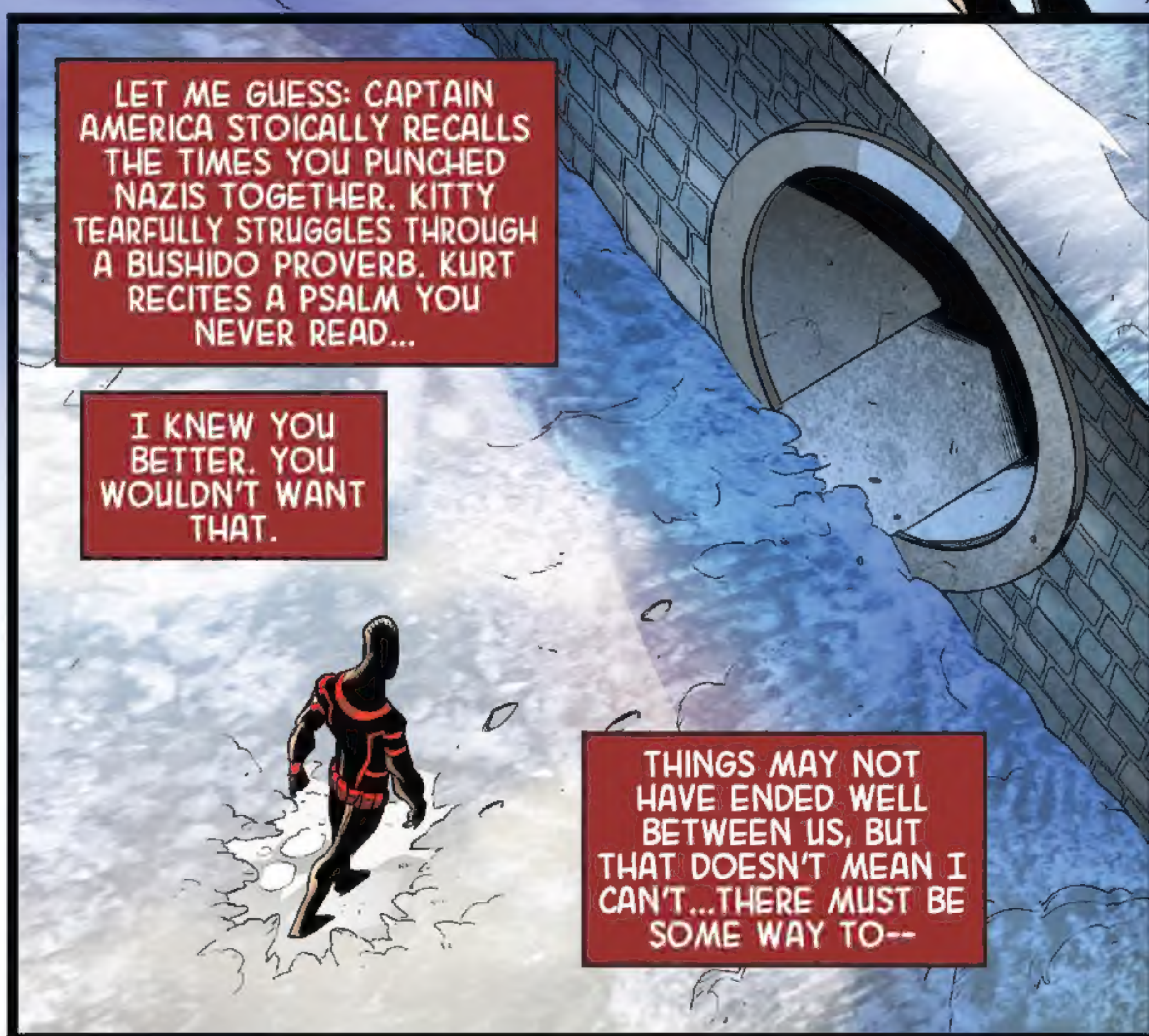


YOU WOULD.



SO...A FUNERAL FOR WOLVERINE.

WHAT'S *THAT* GONNA BE LIKE?



LET ME GUESS: CAPTAIN AMERICA STOICALLY RECALLS THE TIMES YOU PUNCHED NAZIS TOGETHER. KITTY TEARFULLY STRUGGLES THROUGH A BUSHIDO PROVERB. KURT RECITES A PSALM YOU NEVER READ...

I KNEW YOU BETTER. YOU WOULDN'T WANT THAT.

THINGS MAY NOT HAVE ENDED WELL BETWEEN US, BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN I CAN'T...THERE MUST BE SOME WAY TO--

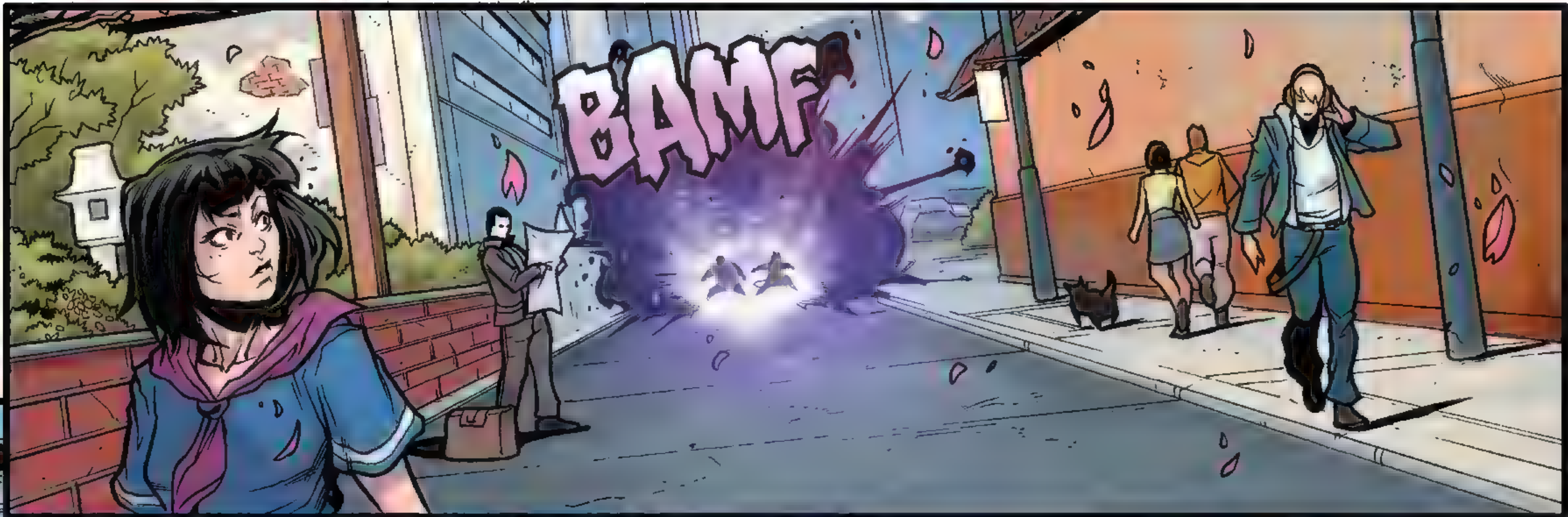
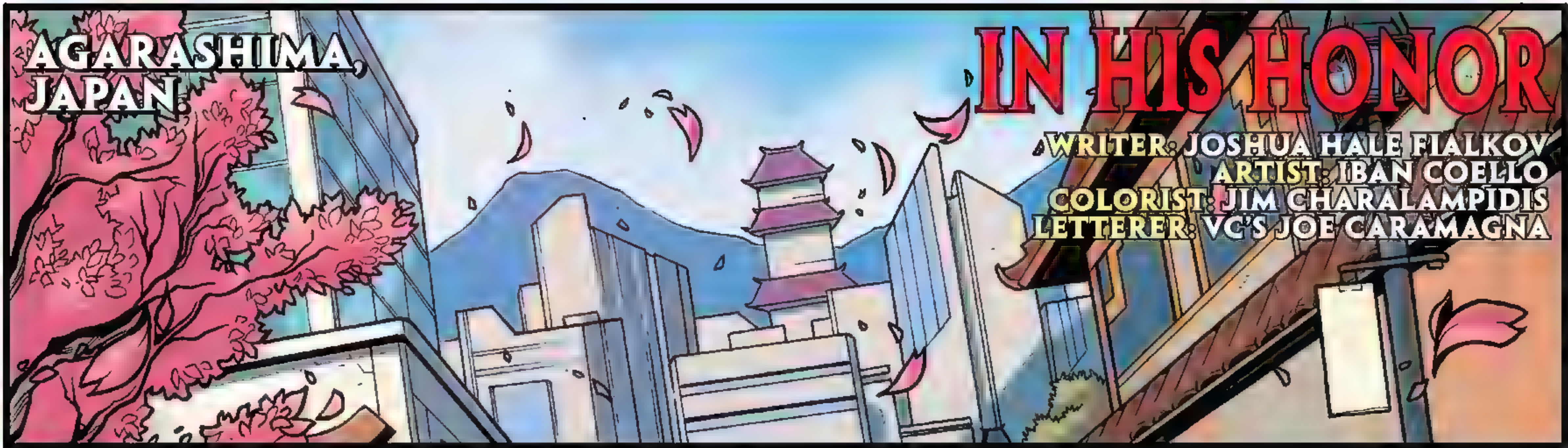


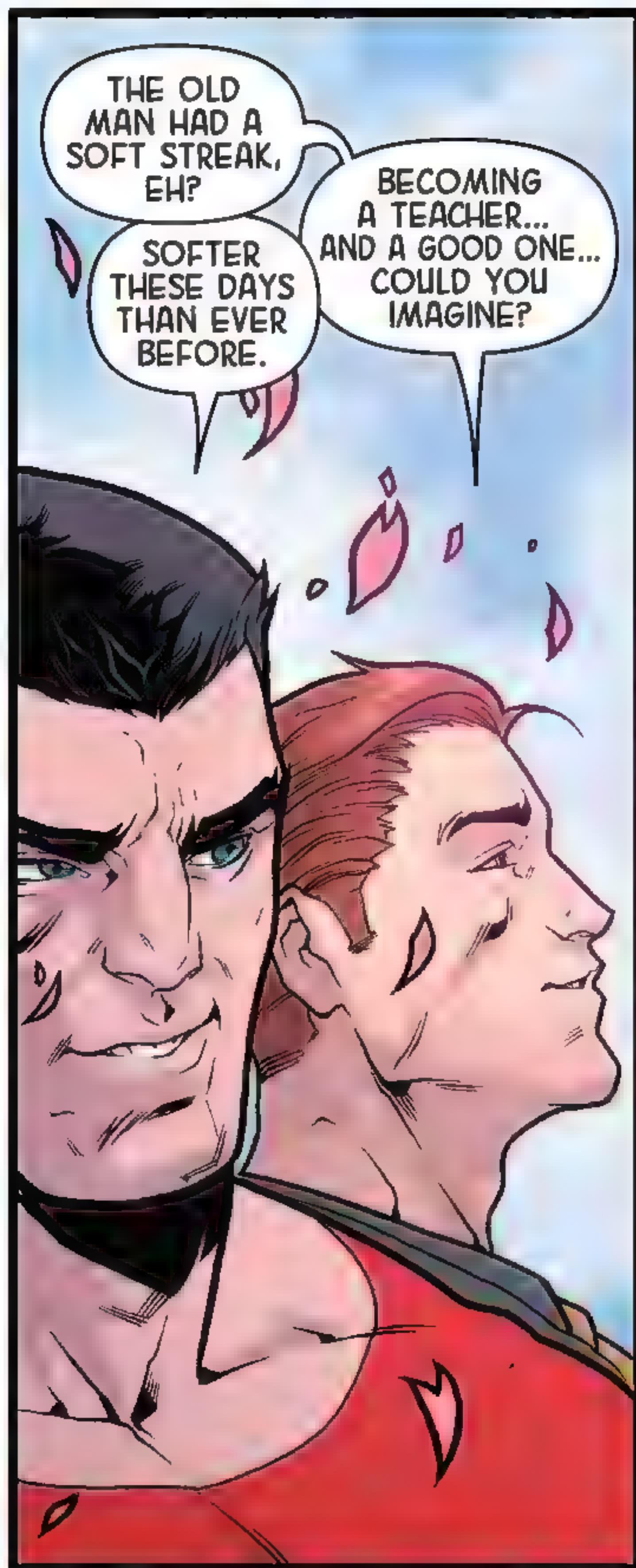


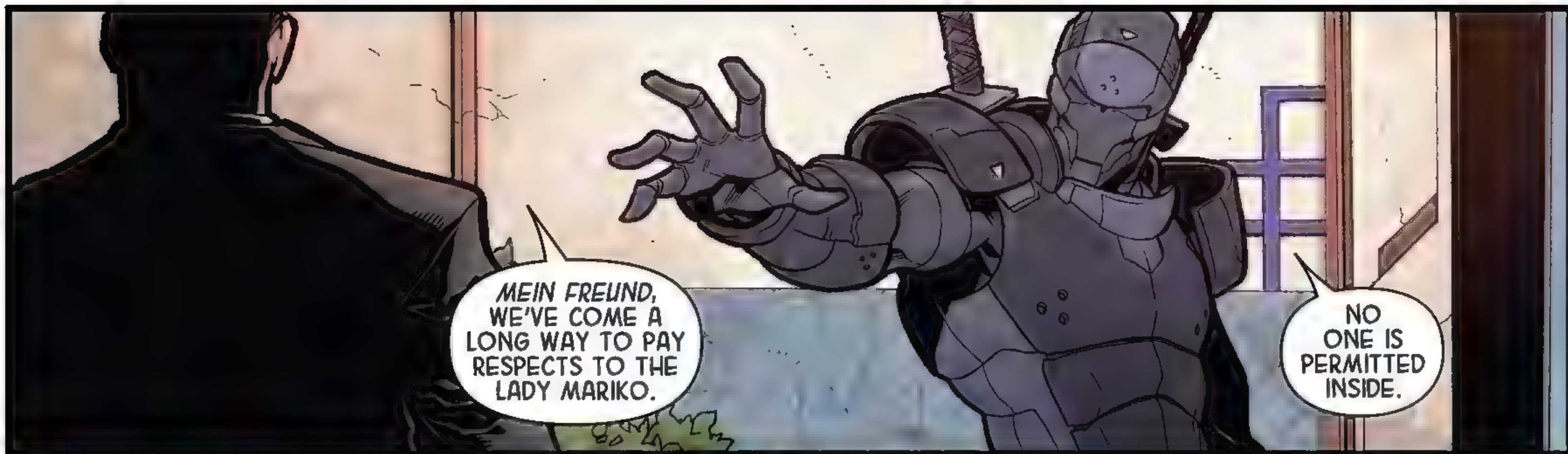


HERE'S
TO YOU,
BUB.

END







MEIN FREUND,
WE'VE COME A
LONG WAY TO PAY
RESPECTS TO THE
LADY MARIKO.

NO
ONE IS
PERMITTED
INSIDE.



MARIKO'S...
HUSBAND
SENT THIS
FOR HER.

NO ONE
IS PERMITTED
INSIDE.



HIS ENGLISH IS AS GOOD
AS MY JAPANESE.

YOU KNOW,
WE WOULDN'T
BE PAYING *PROPER*
HOMAGE TO HIM
IF WE SIMPLY
WALKED IN.



NO,
KURT.



C'MON.
WE HAVE
A JOB TO
DO.

NOT
TODAY, MEIN
FREUND. TODAY, I'M
LOGAN'S EMISSARY.
AND I WILL NOT
BE STOPPED.

KURT,
WE NEED
TO TREAD
LIGHTLY.





IT'S AS
THOUGH THEY'VE
BEEN EXPECTING
US.
OR
TROUBLE.

LET'S
PAY OUR
RESPECTS
AND GO.



WE'VE TRAVELED A
LONG WAY, MARIKO,
TO BRING A PIECE OF
YOUR BELOVED
TO YOU...



...SO THAT
YOU CAN BE
TOGETHER IN
ETERNITY.



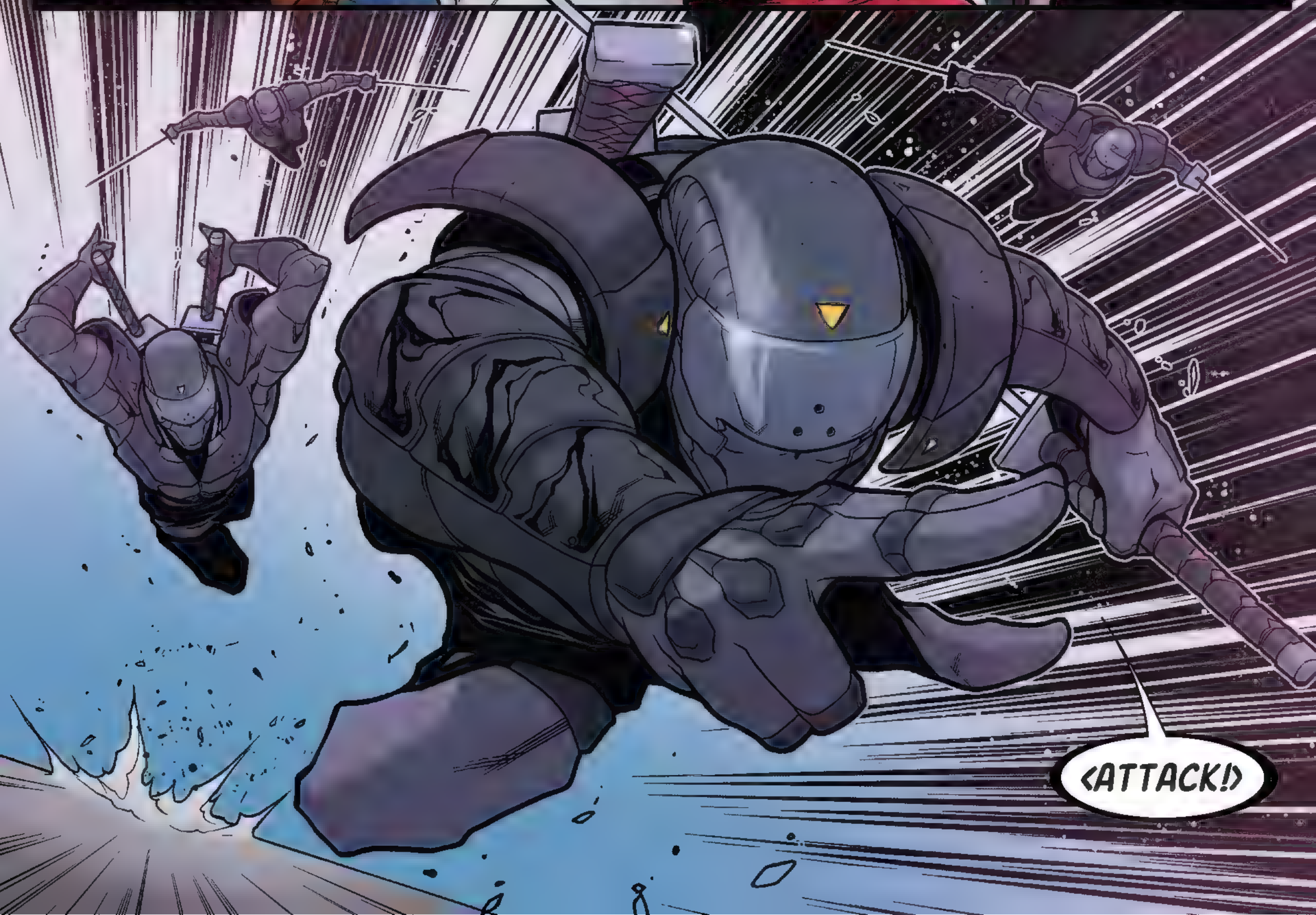
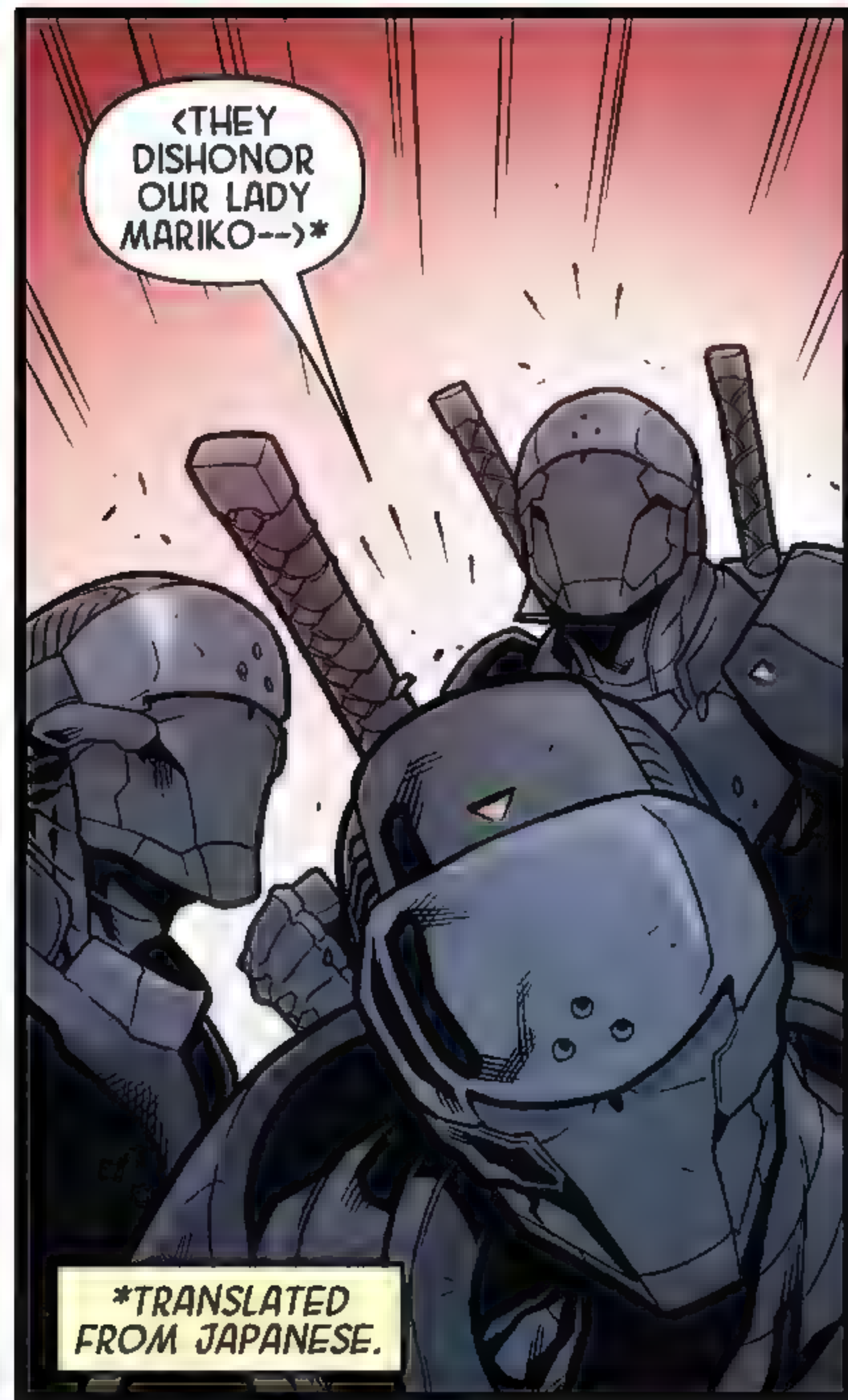
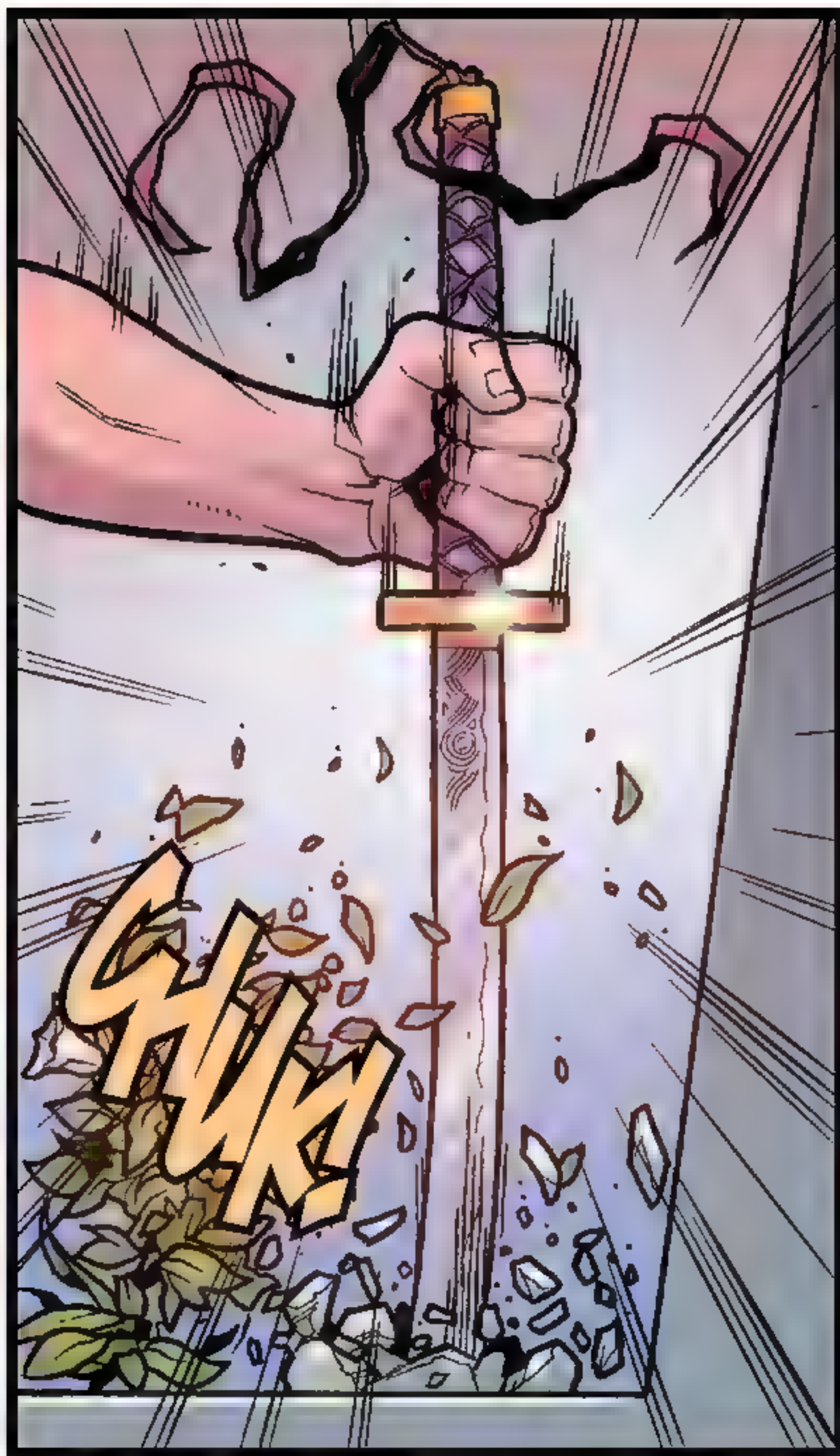
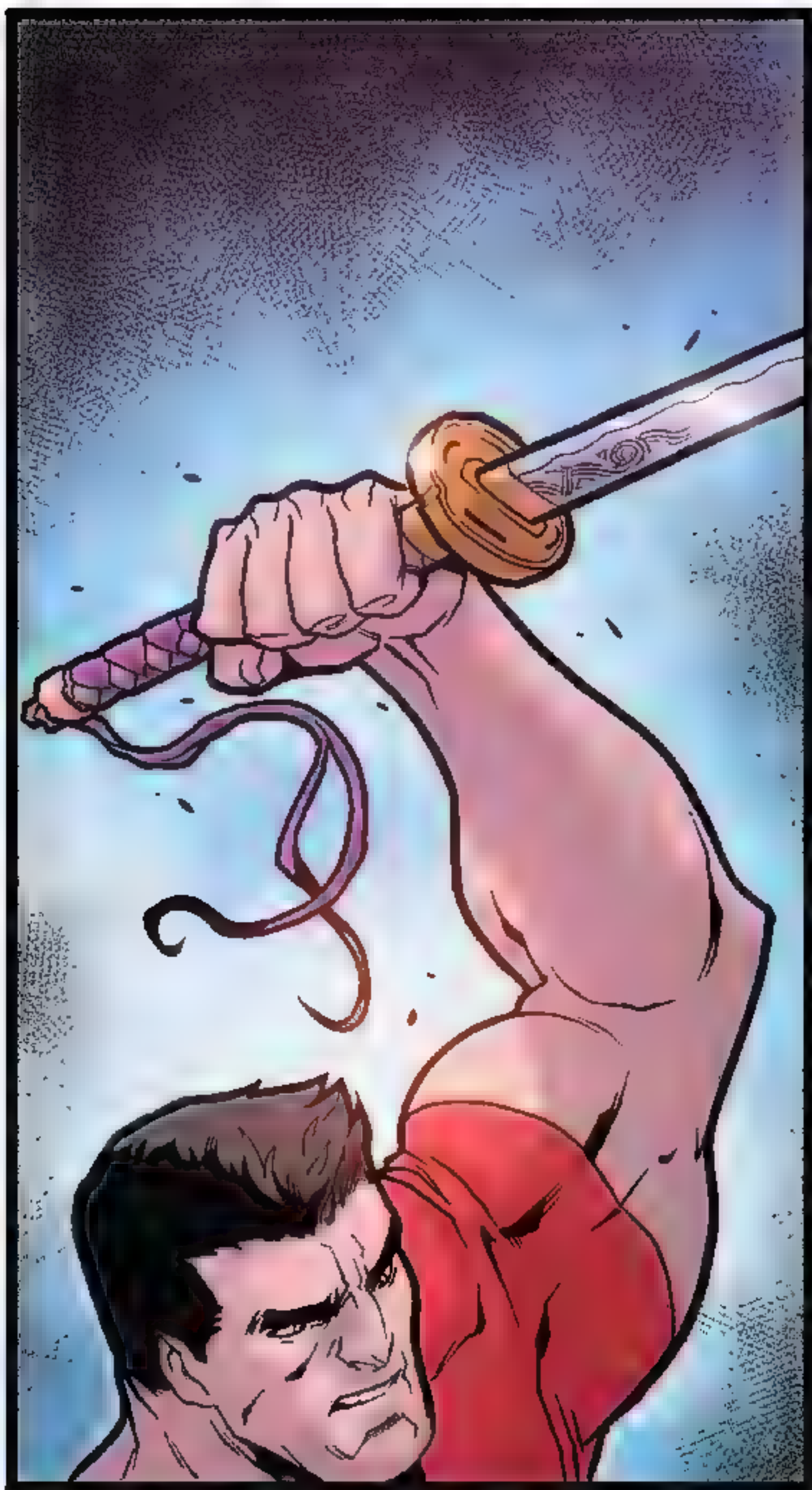
DO WE
JUST...

STICK
IT IN THE
GROUND.

THEY'RE
NOT GOING
TO LIKE
THAT.

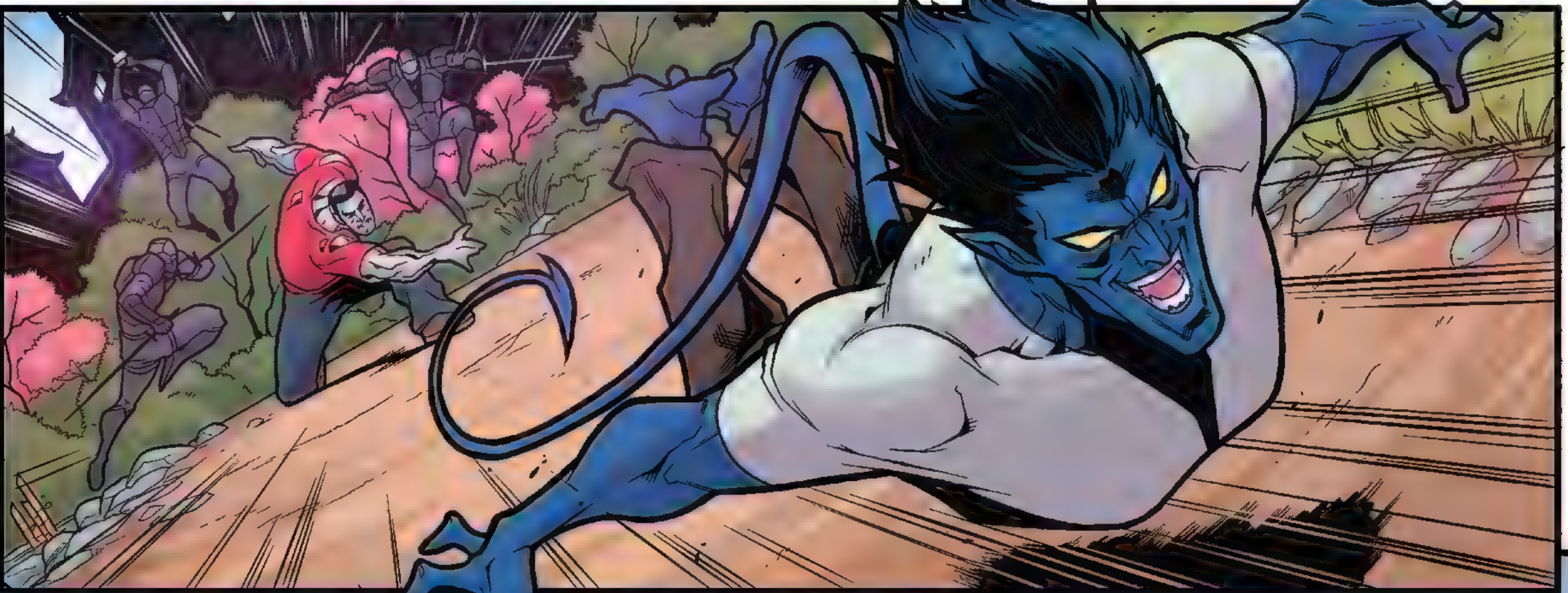


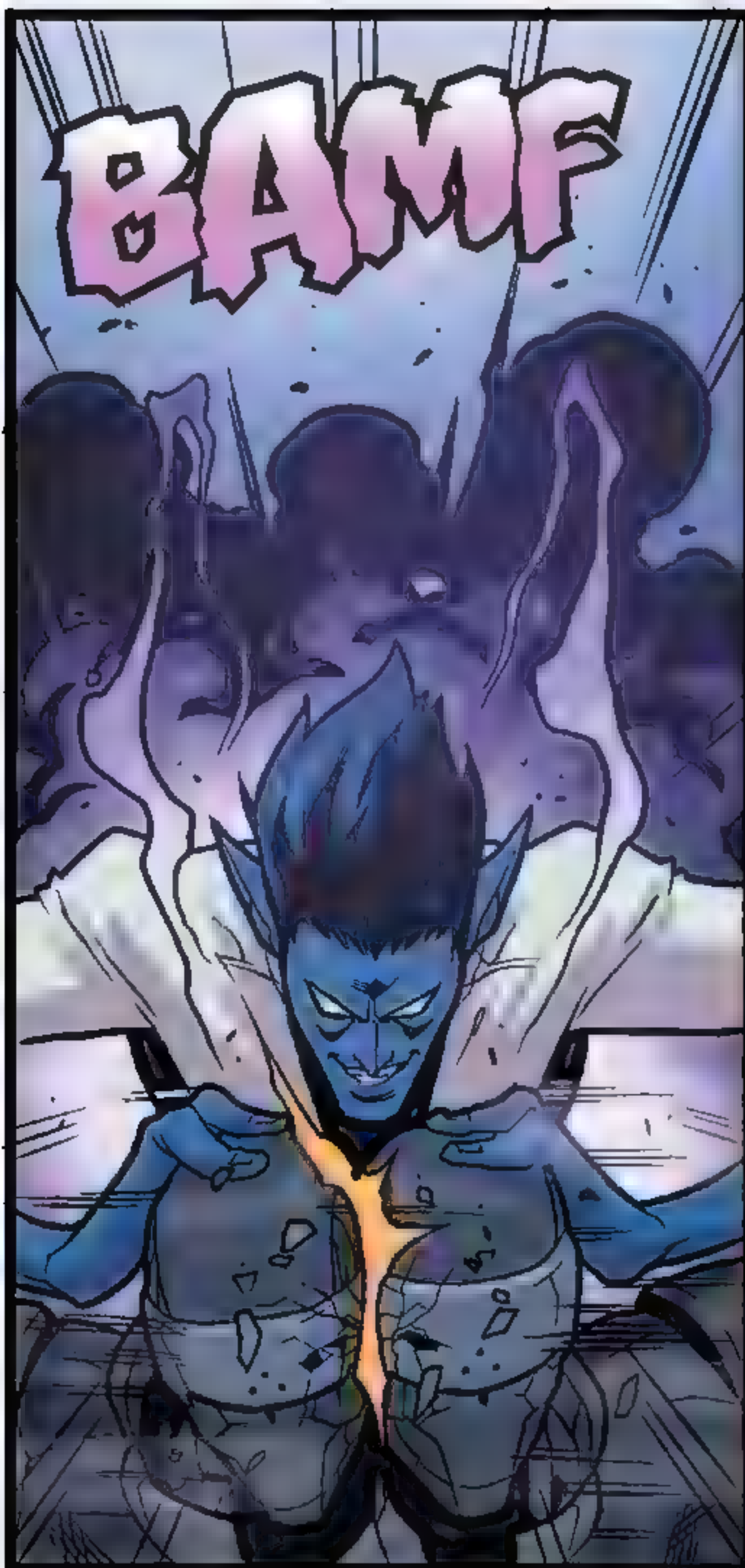
GOOD.





...THEN WE
HONOR VAS HE
DID *BEST*.
EVEN
THOUGH IT
WASN'T VERY
NICE.








DA, MY
FRIEND, I
DO, TOO.
DO
SVIDANIYA,
LOGAN.

END



WOLVERINE
IS DEAD.




TOOK
LONG ENOUGH
FOR THE LI'L
RUNT TO
BITE IT.

SERIOUSLY.

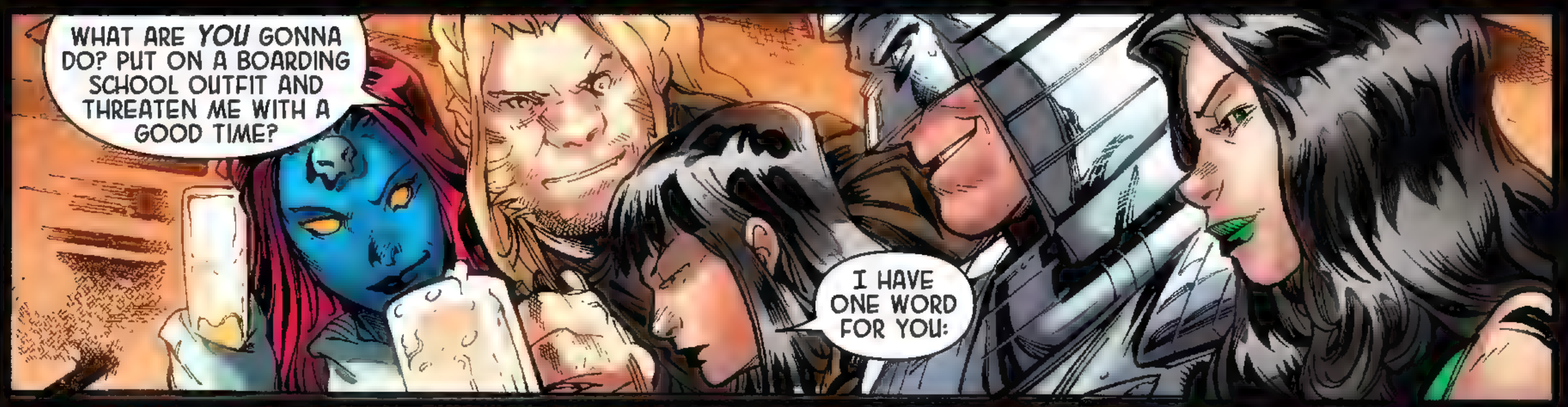
LET'S
RAISE A
GLASS. GOOD
RIDDANCE.

CHEERS!



ALL OF
YOU HAVE A
CHOICE.

APOLOGIZE,
OR RUN.



WHAT ARE YOU GONNA
DO? PUT ON A BOARDING
SCHOOL OUTFIT AND
THREATEN ME WITH A
GOOD TIME?

I HAVE
ONE WORD
FOR YOU:



SNIKT.



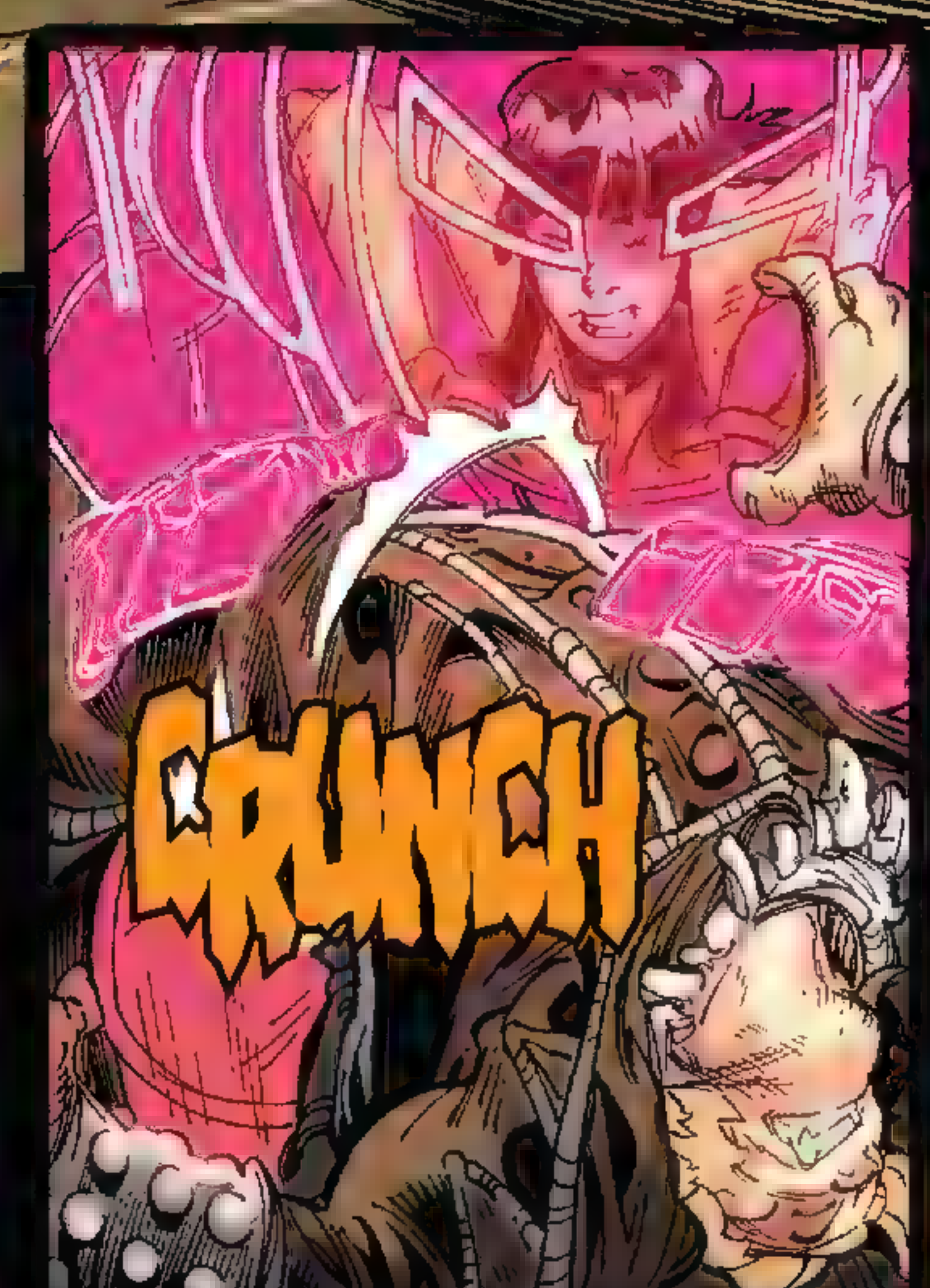
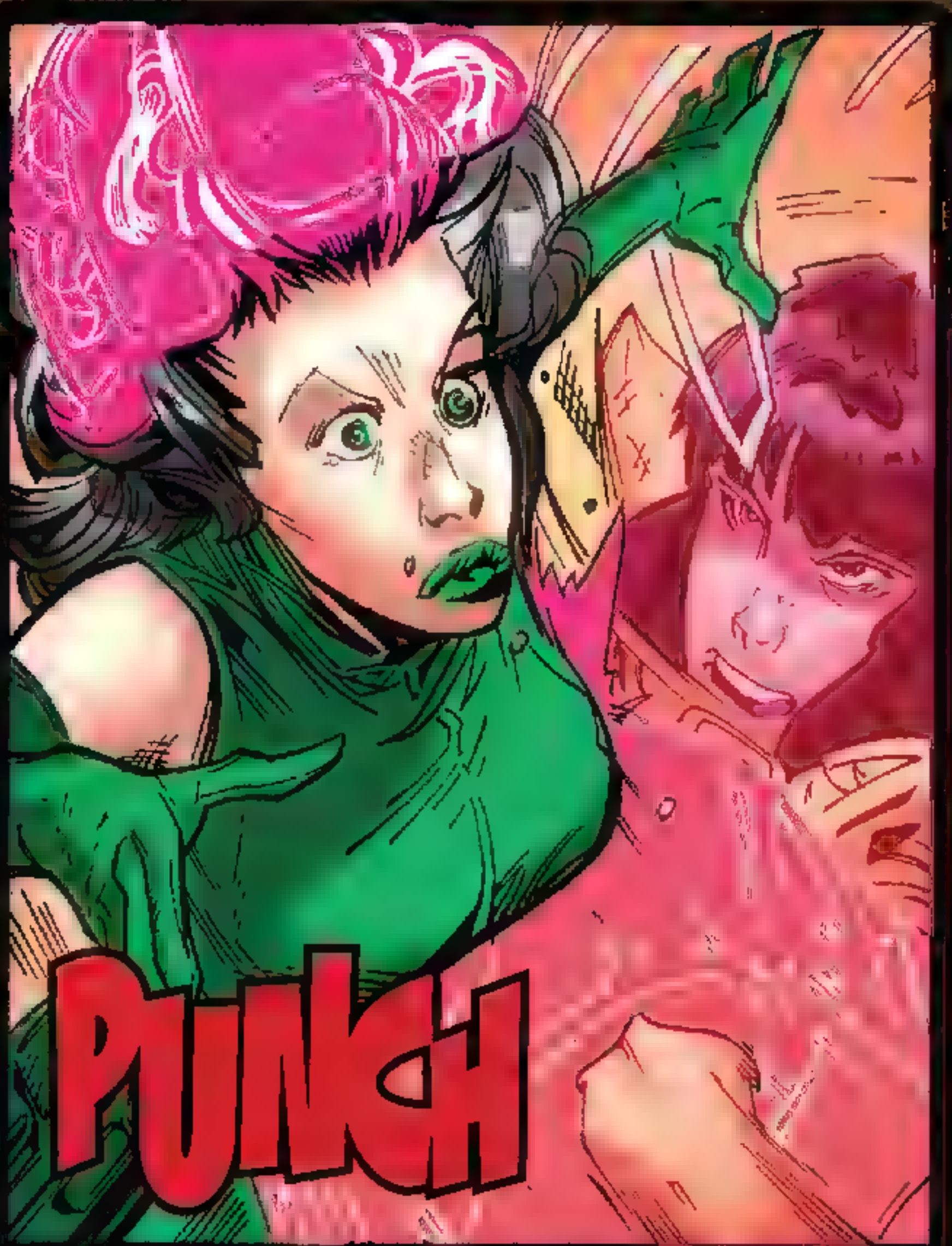
BLAST

STAB

KICK

A LITTLE PIECE OF YOU

WRITER: REX OGLE PENCILER: PATRICK SCHERBERGER
INKER: MARC DEERING COLORIST: RACHELLE ROSENBERG
LETTERER: VC'S JOE CARAMAGNA





NOT
BAD, HISAKO.
WOLVIE'D BE
PROUD.



YEAH,
WELL, I'M
INSULTED.

SMASH



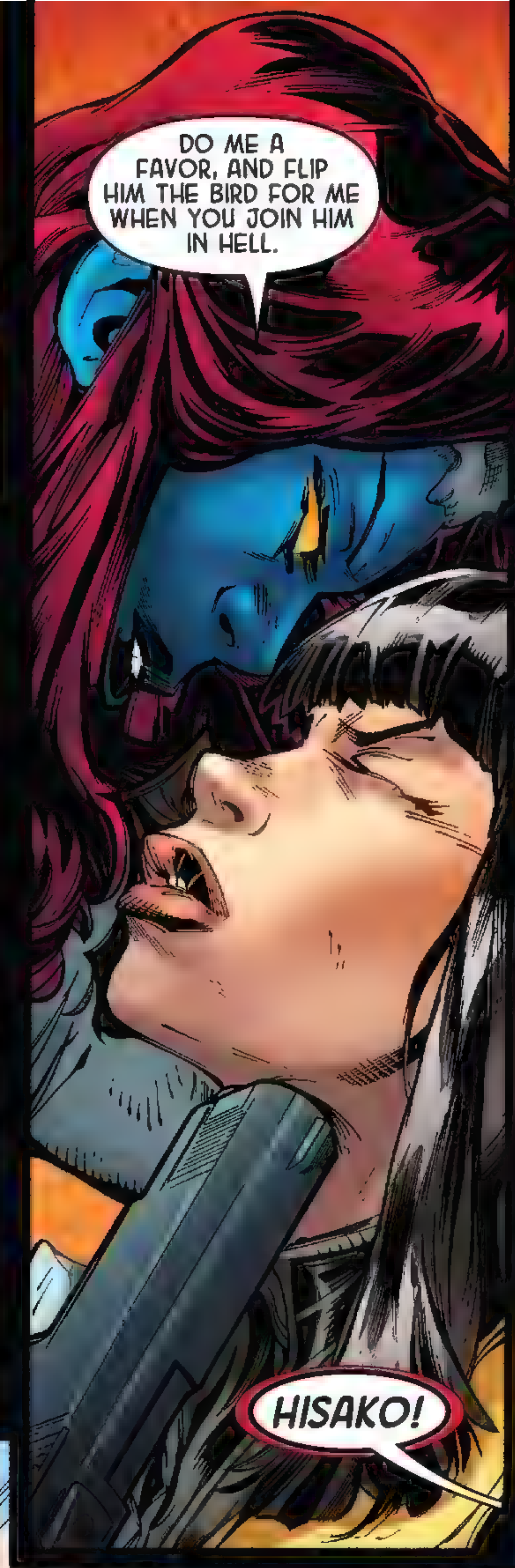
DID YOU
REALLY THINK A
LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL
SCUFFLE WOULD PUT
THE **BIG KIDS**
DOWN?

KICK



PLEASE,
GIRL.

I EAT
CHILDREN LIKE
YOU FOR
BREAKFAST.





ARE YOU
OKAY? GOOD
THING I WAS
WALKING BY
WHEN--

BACK OFF,
JULIAN. I DON'T
NEED YOUR HELP.
I COULDA--



GOTTEN
YOURSELF
KILLED? YEAH,
I SAW THAT.

ARE YOU
DRINKING?

NOT
YET.

MY ADVICE?
DON'T. PROFESSOR
MUNROE CAUGHT ME WITH
A WINE COOLER ONE TIME,
AND SHE PUT ME ON TOILET-
SCRUB DUTY FOR A MONTH.
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE
BOY'S BATHROOM?!
UGH.

SO WHAT?
I BORROWED THIS
FROM LOGAN'S
ROOM. HE DOESN'T
NEED IT ANYMORE.
I'M GONNA
DRINK IT.



OH...
THIS IS ABOUT
LOGAN, ISN'T
IT?

CAN I
HELP?

"ARE
YOU A
BEER?"



HEH. LOGAN
NEVER GOT ENOUGH
CREDIT FOR BEING
FUNNY.

EVERYONE
THOUGHT HE WAS
ALL "GRRRR" AND "STAB"
ALL THE TIME. BUT HE WAS
THE BEST THERE WAS AT
EVERYTHING HE DID--
AND THAT INCLUDED A
FEW LAUGHS.

DON'T SIT.
I DIDN'T *ASK* FOR
COMPANY.

INSTEAD
OF DRINKING,
MAYBE *TALK* INSTEAD?
YOU'RE NOT THE ONLY
ONE WHO EVER
LOST A
TEAMMATE---

LOGAN WAS
MORE THAN AN
X-TEAM PARTNER.
HE WAS
FAMILY.

NO NEED
TO SHOUT. I'VE LOST
PEOPLE TOO. AMONG
OTHER THINGS.

I'M NOT
JUST SOME PRETTY
FACE THAT DOESN'T FEEL
ANYTHING. YOU TWO
WERE CLOSE,
I GET IT.

I MEAN,
EVERYONE KNOWS
LOGAN WAS LIKE THAT
CREEPY UNCLE ALWAYS HANGING
AROUND WITH YOUNG GIRLS.
PRYDE, JUBILEE, YOU,
LAURA, IDIE---

WHAT'D
YOU
SAY?!

WHAT
THE
&%\$#!?

YOU BETTER
ARMOR THE #@%#
UP BECAUSE I AM
ABOUT TO KICK
YOUR---

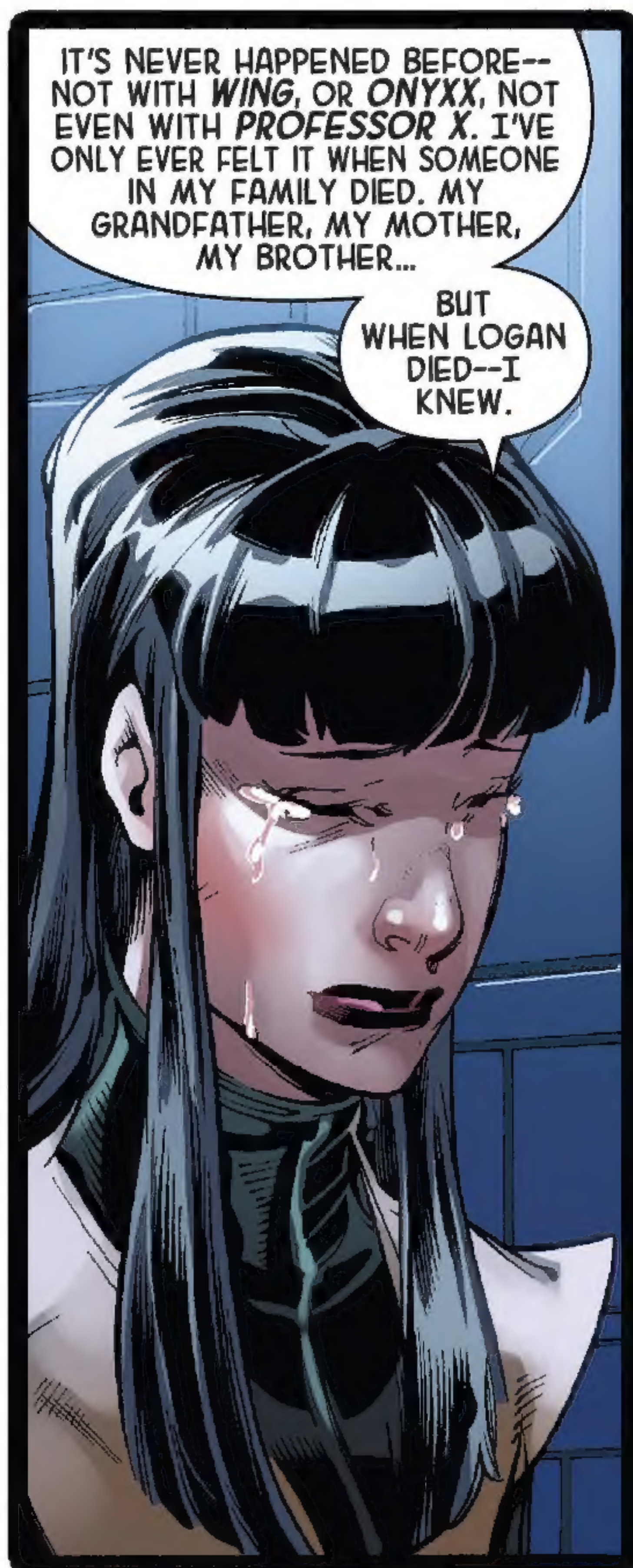


→SNIFF←



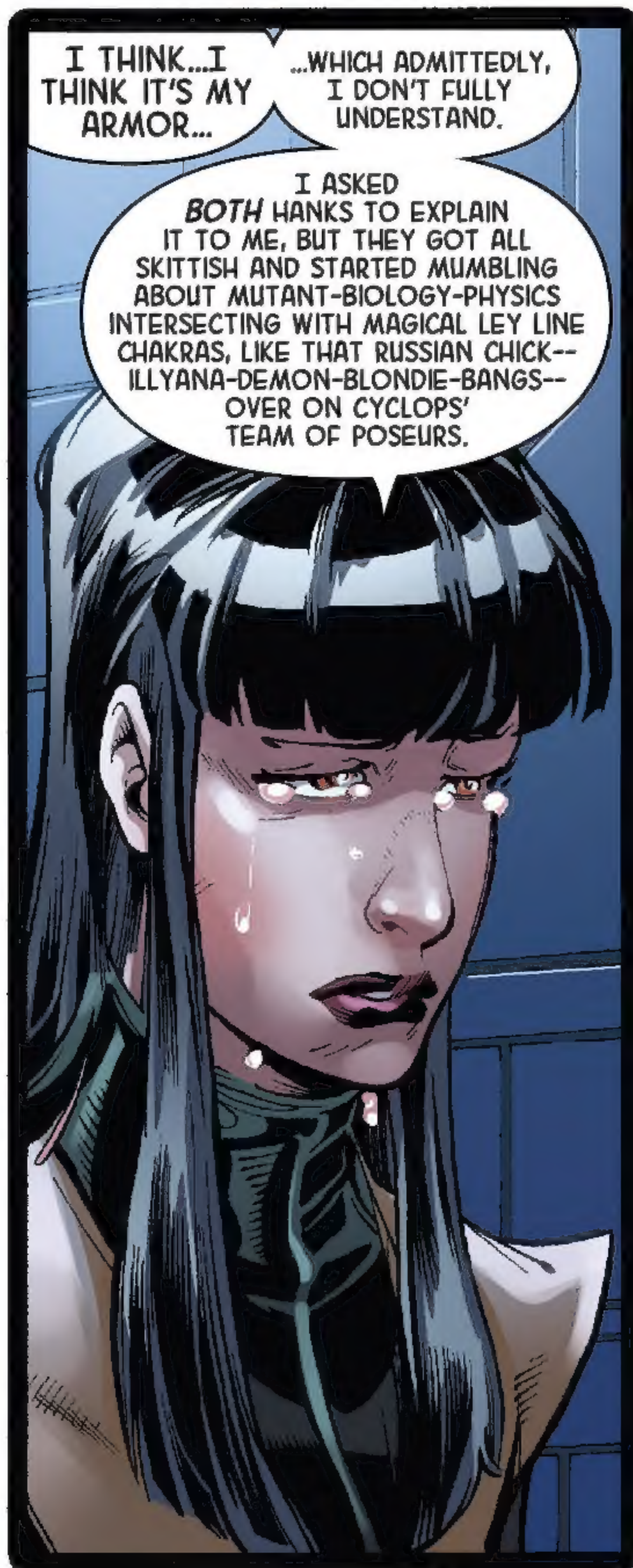
I FELT IT.

I FELT IT WHEN HE DIED.



IT'S NEVER HAPPENED BEFORE-- NOT WITH *WING*, OR *ONYXX*, NOT EVEN WITH *PROFESSOR X*. I'VE ONLY EVER FELT IT WHEN SOMEONE IN MY FAMILY DIED. MY GRANDFATHER, MY MOTHER, MY BROTHER...

BUT WHEN LOGAN DIED--I KNEW.



I THINK...I THINK IT'S MY ARMOR...

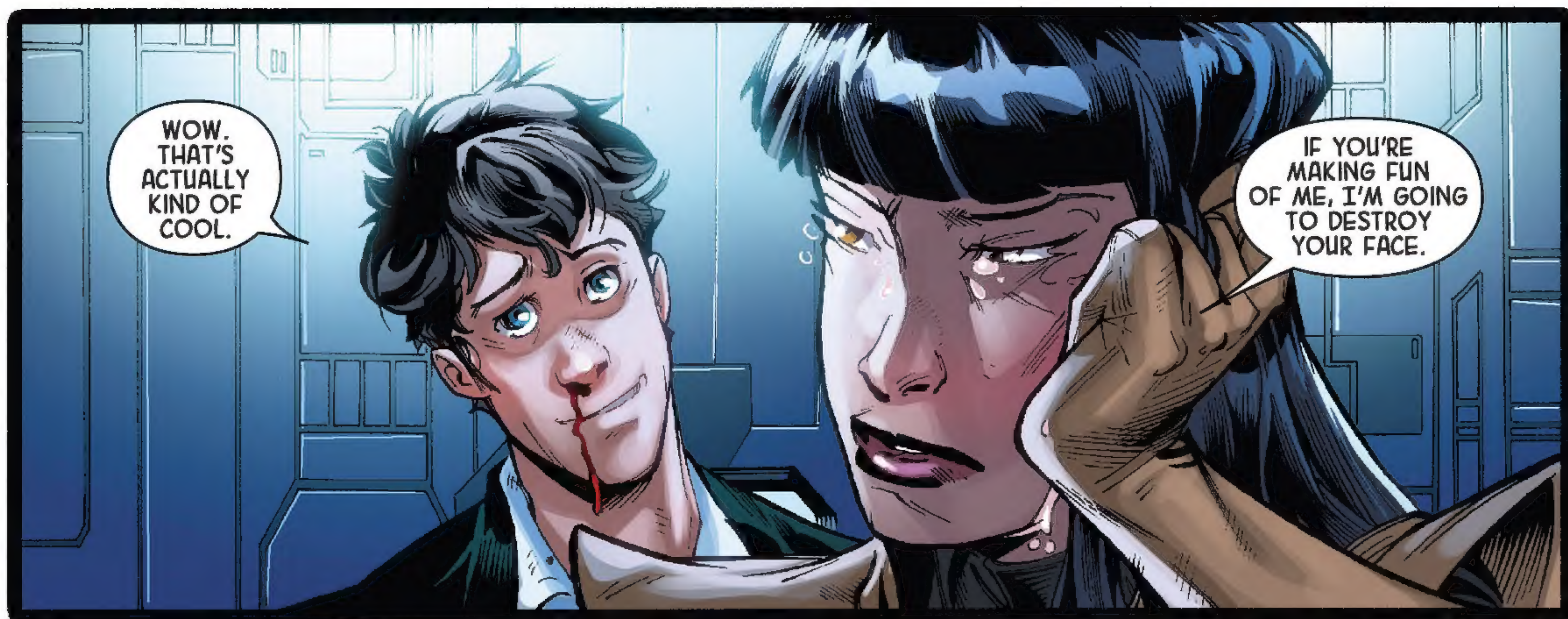
...WHICH ADMITTEDLY, I DON'T FULLY UNDERSTAND.

I ASKED *BOTH* HANKS TO EXPLAIN IT TO ME, BUT THEY GOT ALL SKITTISH AND STARTED MUMBLING ABOUT MUTANT-BIOLOGY-PHYSICS INTERSECTING WITH MAGICAL LEY LINE CHAKRAS, LIKE THAT RUSSIAN CHICK-- ILLYANA-DEMON-BLONDIE-BANGS-- OVER ON CYCLOPS' TEAM OF POSEURS.



WHAT DOES YOUR ARMOR HAVE TO DO WITH LOGAN?

WHEN I ARMOR UP, I CAN SENSE THE DEAD ALL AROUND ME, LIKE THIS MANIFESTED WHISPER OF THOSE WHO CAME BEFORE. MAYBE IT'S JUST MEMORIES, MAYBE IT'S *MORE*, I DON'T KNOW. BUT WHEN LOGAN DIED, SOMEHOW, HE *JOINED* THEM.



WOW.
THAT'S
ACTUALLY
KIND OF
COOL.

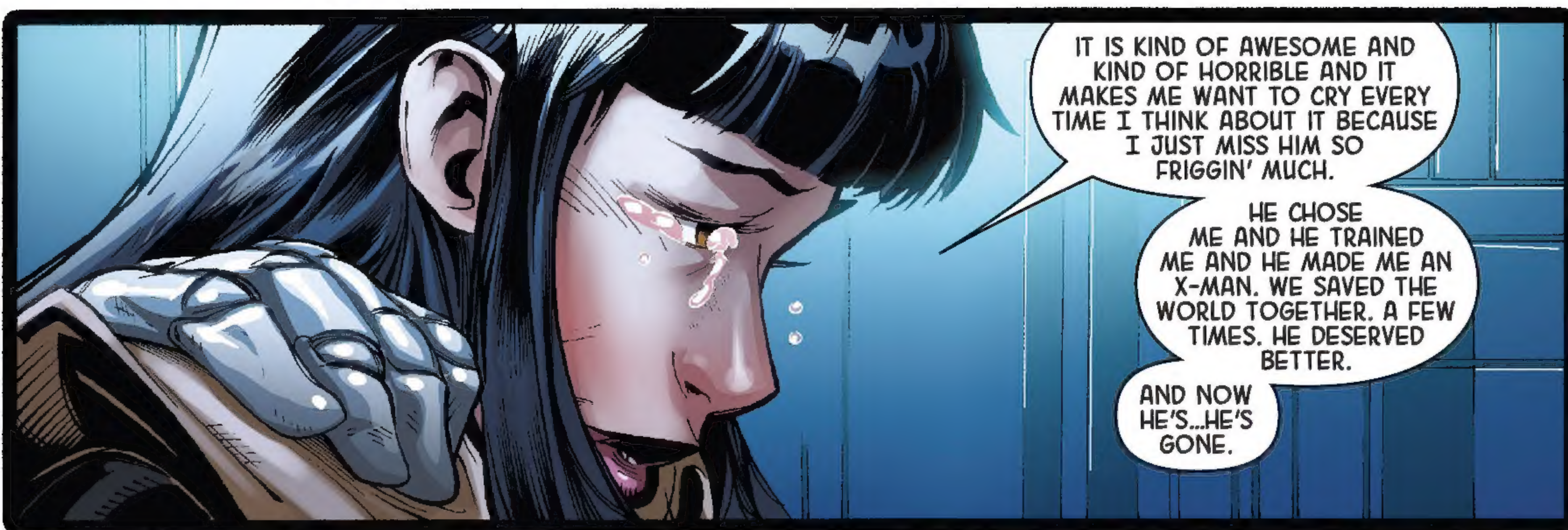
IF YOU'RE
MAKING FUN
OF ME, I'M GOING
TO DESTROY
YOUR FACE.



I'M NOT,
I SWEAR.

THINK
ABOUT IT. YOU
HAVE THIS LITTLE
PIECE OF YOUR FRIEND
WITH YOU. FOR ALWAYS.
MOST PEOPLE DON'T
GET THAT.

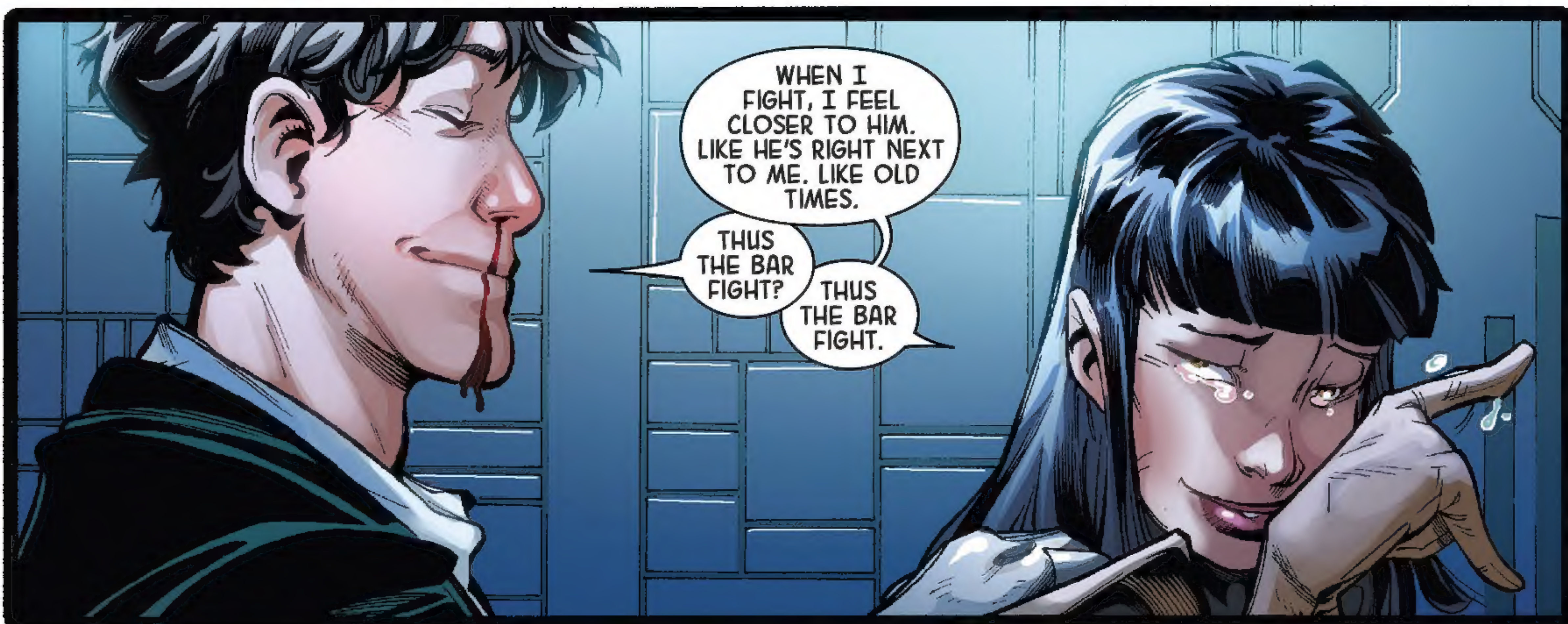
→SNIFF←
I GUESS
SO.



IT IS KIND OF AWESOME AND
KIND OF HORRIBLE AND IT
MAKES ME WANT TO CRY EVERY
TIME I THINK ABOUT IT BECAUSE
I JUST MISS HIM SO
FRIGGIN' MUCH.

HE CHOSE
ME AND HE TRAINED
ME AND HE MADE ME AN
X-MAN. WE SAVED THE
WORLD TOGETHER. A FEW
TIMES. HE DESERVED
BETTER.

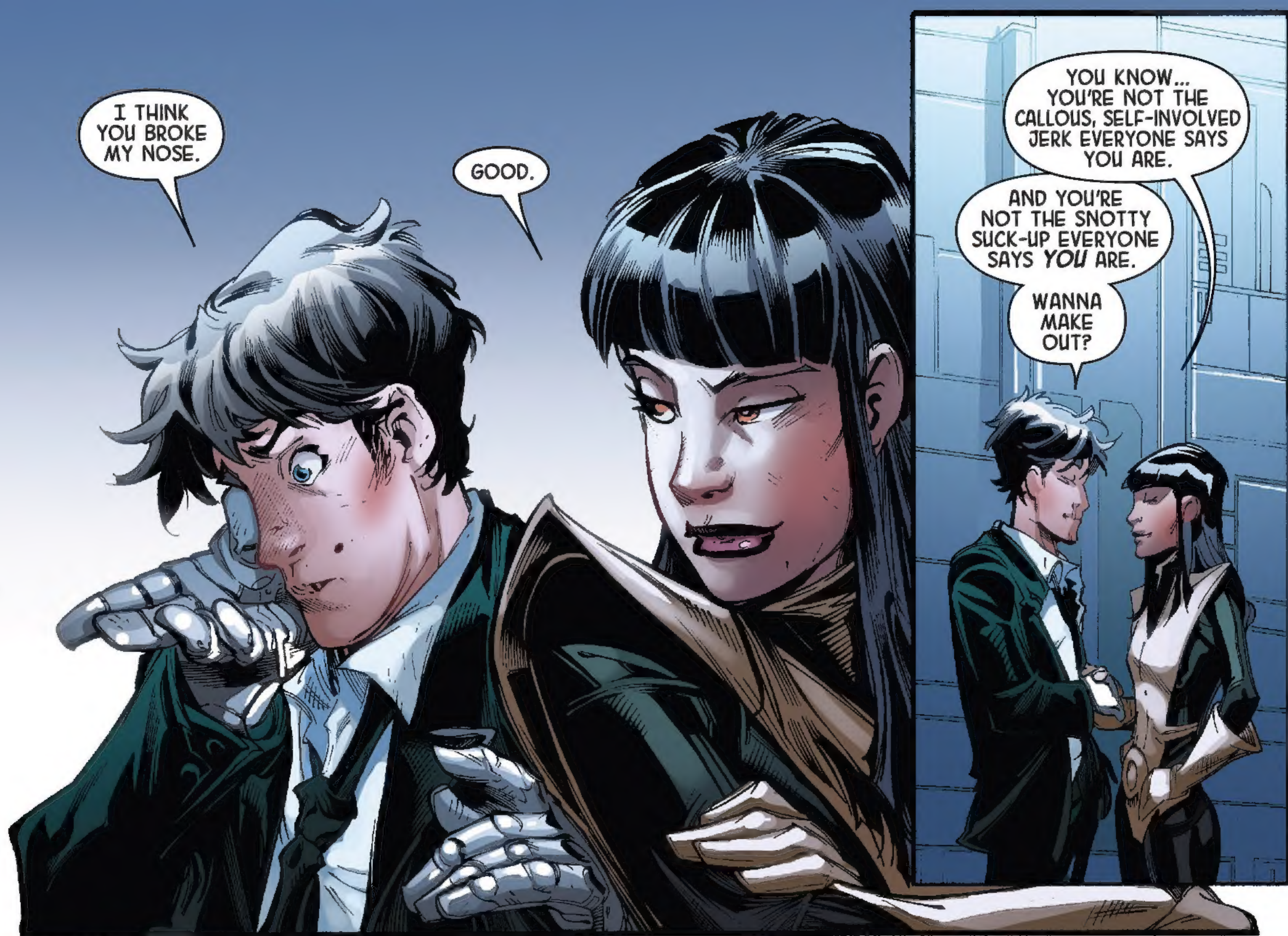
AND NOW
HE'S...HE'S
GONE.



WHEN I
FIGHT, I FEEL
CLOSER TO HIM.
LIKE HE'S RIGHT NEXT
TO ME. LIKE OLD
TIMES.

THUS
THE BAR
FIGHT?

THUS
THE BAR
FIGHT.



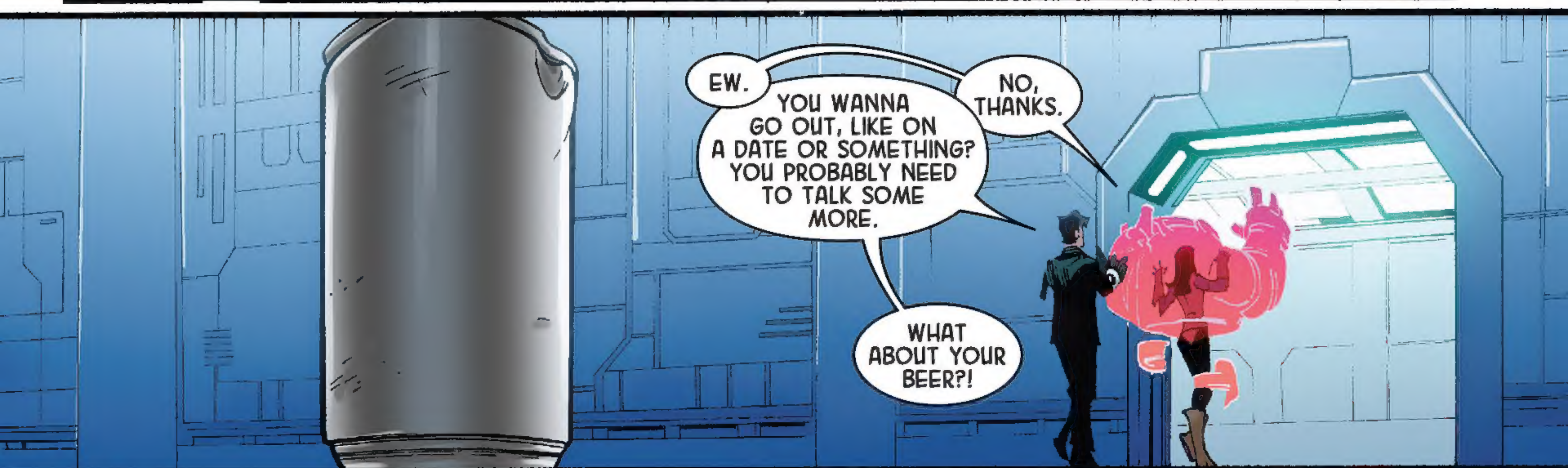
I THINK
YOU BROKE
MY NOSE.

GOOD.

YOU KNOW...
YOU'RE NOT THE
CALLOUS, SELF-INVOLVED
JERK EVERYONE SAYS
YOU ARE.

AND YOU'RE
NOT THE SNOTTY
SUCK-UP EVERYONE
SAYS YOU ARE.

WANNA
MAKE
OUT?

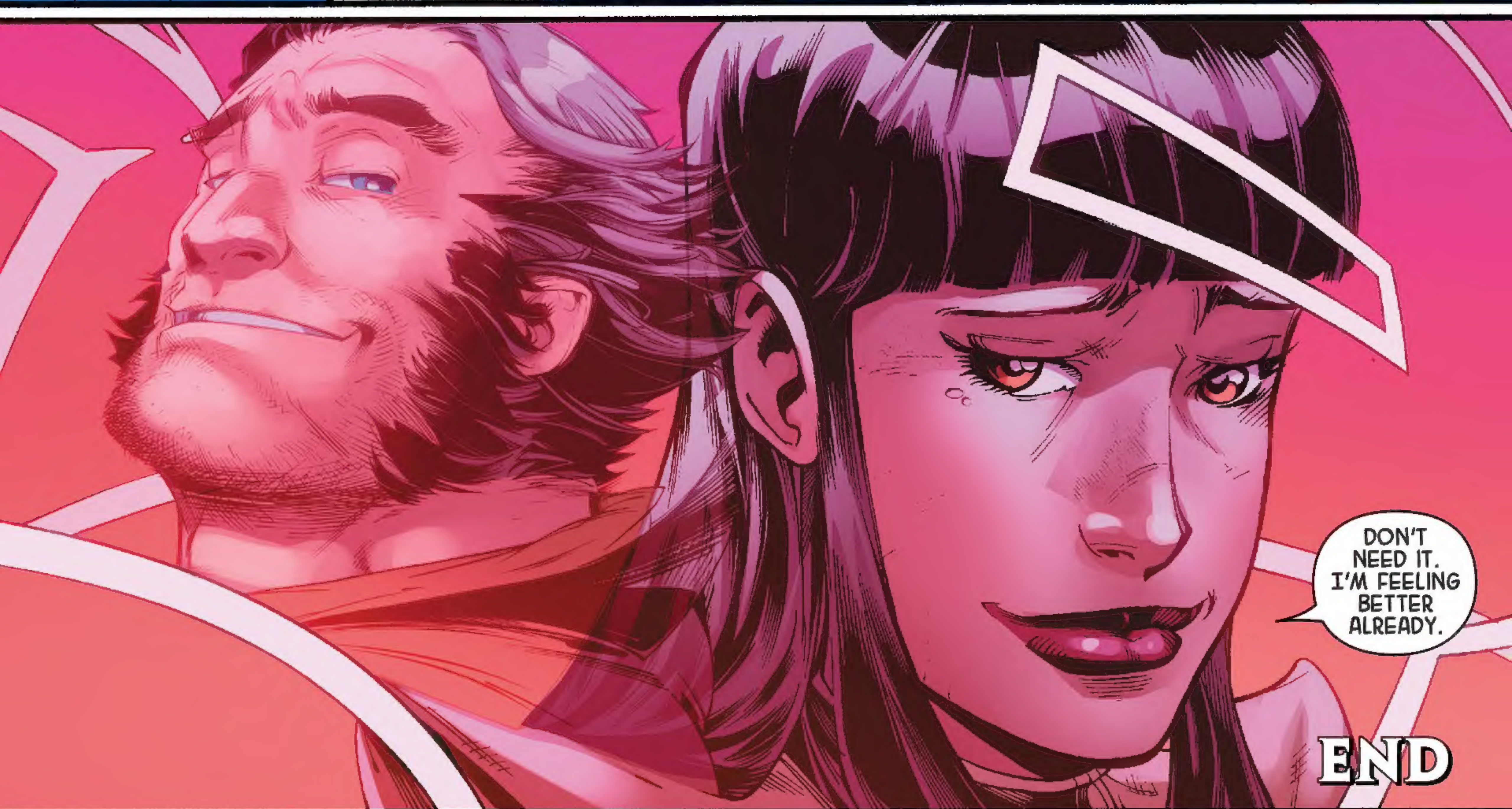


EW.

YOU WANNA
GO OUT, LIKE ON
A DATE OR SOMETHING?
YOU PROBABLY NEED
TO TALK SOME
MORE.

NO,
THANKS.

WHAT
ABOUT YOUR
BEER?!



DON'T
NEED IT.
I'M FEELING
BETTER
ALREADY.

END



NATHAN